ſtewd pruins, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light theſe villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was il ſorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither miſtris Dol.

Piſt. Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

Boy Pray thee go downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damnd firſt, to Plutoes damnd lake by this hād to th'infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile alſo: holde hooke and line, ſay I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not Hiren here?

Hoſt. Good captaine Peeſell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beſeeke you now aggrauate your choller.

Piſt Theſe be good humors indeede, ſhal pack-horſes, and hollow pamperd iades of Aſia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with Cæſars and with Canibals, and troiant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, ſhall we fall foule for toies?

Hoſt. By my troth captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Piſt. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

Hoſt. A my word Captaine, theres none ſuch here, what the goodyeare do ſ you thinke I would [illegible]e her? for Gods ſake be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues ſome ſacke, *ſi fortune me tormente ſperato me contento*, feare we brode ſides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me ſome ſacke, and ſweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & cæteraes, no things?

Falſt. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy neaffe, what, we haue ſeene the ſeuen ſtarres.

Dol.

Dol. For Gods ſake thruſt him down ſtaires, I c
ſuch a fuſtian raſcall.

Piſt Thruſt him downe ſtaires, know we n
nagges?

Falſt. Quaite him downe Bardolfe like a ſhou
ling, nay, and a doe nothing but ſpeake nothing,
thing here.

Bard Come, get you downe ſtaires.

Piſt. What ſhall we haue inciſion? ſhall we i
death rocke me a ſleepe, abridge my dolefull dai
let grieuons gaſtly gaping wounds vntwinde the
come Atropoſe I ſay.

Hoſt. Heres goodly ſtuffe toward.

Falſt. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol I pray thee Iacke, I pray thee do not draw

Fal. Get you downe ſtaires.

Hoſt. Heres a goodly tumult, ile forſweare keep
fore ile be in theſe tirrits and frights, ſo, murder I
alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your
pons.

Dol. I pray thee Iack be quiet, the raſcal's gone,
ſon little vliaunt villaine you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurte i'th groyne? me thoug
ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea ſir, the raſcal's drunke, you haue hur
ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcall to braue me?

Dol A you ſweet little rogue you, alas poore ap
ſweatſt, come let me wipe thy face, come on y
chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valo
ctor of Troy, woorth fiue of Agamemnon, & ten
then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

Fal. Ah raſcally ſlaue! I will toſſe the rogue in a

Dol Do and thou darſt for thy heart, and thou d
uas thee betweene a payre of ſheetes.